

THE DIAMOND DOLLAR.

"Worst thing in the world for weak eyes, young woman."

The young woman looked up from the magazine in her lap and smiled at her gray bearded mentor on the opposite side of the street car. She smiled with her whole face—dimpled chin, red cheeks, full lips; even the eyes behind the convex glasses of her pince nez twinkled.

"Thank you," she said, shutting the book softly, "I know it. I was merely glancing at the pictures."

Then she turned her amused glance toward the front part of the car, and met the eyes of the driver staring straight at her. His face lighted up when her glance met his, and with his rough glove he patted the left side of his coat, as though it shielded something which concerned her.

The car was one of those little wheeled boxes locally known as the "Pound Gap Bob-tails," which ply between Cincinnati, O., and its Kentucky suburb, Newport. The driver, sole autocrat, dividing his time among the mules, his passengers and the small boys who everywhere mark bob-tail cars for their own, was muffled to the mouth in an old oilskin coat, belted at the waist with a leather strap. His cap was pulled down to shield his face from the rain, into the teeth of which he was forced to drive, and when he entered the car to collect the fares his heavy cowhide boots completed a grotesque picture, which would have attracted attention even in Castle Garden. Evidently he cared less for style than for comfort.

"What is the fare to Newport?"

"Ten cents, please."

I started at the musical voice, and looked at the man closely.

"Wh-a-t?" I said, "not Ferguson, of The Gazette?"

"Same party, dear boy, same party."

He laughed in the honest, whole-souled way that I knew so well, rang the bell of his punch twice, smiled at the pretty girl, who seemed to enjoy my surprise, and then clattered out to his place at the brake, where I presently joined him.

"This is rough, Ferguson, deuced rough—\$12 a week and seventeen hours a day! Can't you do better than this?"

"Classical occupation, dear boy. One of the children of Greek mythology, you will remember, aspired to drive a car—his father's car, but while his route was a trifle dryer than mine."

"It was not necessary for him to make a guy of himself in cowhide boots. That girl inside is laughing at you."

"I know it. She always does when she rides with me."

He looked through the glass door of the car, and again patted the side of his coat when he met the young woman's eye. The gesture seemed to please her.

"Another case of the maiden and the coachman," remarked Ferguson as he slowed up to take on a passenger. Evidently he had lost none of his high spirits since he had drifted out of journalism into street car service. "But seriously now, don't you know her?"

"No, I cannot say that I do," I said, severely.

"That's Virginia."

I looked again at the girl. She was as charming a specimen of young womanhood as is often met with even in the cultured parts of Kentucky. The infantile cheeks and dimpled chin toned down the severity of her eyeglasses, and from the brown plume in her hat to the narrow toe of her shoe she was what is popularly known as "stylish." Du Maurier might have copied her pose for that of one of his high-bred women.

"Yes, sir, that's Virginia. You have laughed at my verses to her for three years, and if we drop all the passengers before the end of the route is reached I will take you inside and present you. She knows you by name already. I have talked with her about you a hundred times. She likes that little story of yours, 'The Cruise of the Mermaid,' immensely, and always looks up your column the first thing in The Clarion."

Then he seemed to drift into another line of thought.

"Yes, sir, it is rough," he said; "eighteen hours a day, seven days in the week, is too many hours for a man to work; but, thank God, I am done! This is my last trip. I have something here"—he tapped the left side of his oilskin coat again—"which has put me on my feet. Virginia and I had several blocks, alone, together, this morning, and she knows. That's what we are so gay about. You remember that 'Diamond Dollar'?"

"Did I remember it? It was that 'Diamond Dollar' that cost Ferguson his desk on The Gazette. Not more than two months ago he was as dapper, well dressed and apparently as successful a man as there was in the Cincinnati reporter fraternity. His duty was the covering of the news along the river fronts of the Kentucky towns facing and above Cincinnati, and, being a graceful writer, he managed to get in a column or two of breezy special matter on miscellaneous subjects each week, every column of such matter being a clean addition of \$5 to his not princely salary."

It was 9 o'clock one Thursday night when word came over the telephone wires from the fire chief's office that the towboat Greyhound was burning at her landing, three miles above Newport. In fifteen minutes came the supplementary report that her entire tow of seven barges was doomed, and that John Stacey and "Stumpy," the cook, were missing—presumably burned with the wreck.

"Ferguson can have two columns for that," he complacently remarked the city editor. "Here, Newport, get a rig: jump out there; find Ferguson and help him. Get in as much as possible before 12, and, if it promises good matter after that, wire the facts. We will dress them up."

At 12:30 o'clock I was again at the office with the skeleton article. The fire had taken place early in the afternoon. Three lives and \$65,000 worth of property were lost. I had seen nothing of Ferguson.

But while I was making a hasty oral report to this effect Ferguson strolled into the office. He was at peace with himself and the world, and his stiff, white collar lifted itself immaculately above his black tie and unruined shirt front.

"Nothing moving," he said, airily, as he placed the day's report on the editor's desk. "Everything dead along the river to-day."

"No fights nor fires?" asked the city editor in his blindest tones.

"Nothing; but here is a little special that will look well in the Sunday supplement. I have been up at the library looking up points for it all afternoon. With a scarce head—first line, 'The Diamond Dollar'—it will prove as good matter as actual news, and—"

"There is no actual news, then?"

"Nothing of importance."

By this time the telegraph man, the managing editor, half of the local force, and even one or two of the briefer writers, had drifted into the city room, where they floated about aimlessly, waiting for the explosion that was to lift the unfortunate Ferguson. But, suspecting nothing, he

continued his panegyric on the diamond dollar.

"Unless you call this piece of special matter news, there is none. But it will be news to most of the readers. It deals with the subject of rare coins, giving the date and the value of all United States coins worth more than their face value. There are hundreds of pieces in daily circulation for which collectors would give twenty times their value as bullion. This article will serve to tell the people what dates of coins are in demand, so that they may watch the money that passes through their hands and sell the rare coins at a premium. There is one dollar, of the mintage of 1804, which is worth \$500."

For the past few seconds the city editor had been rapidly writing upon a slip of paper, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on The Gazette, and here he interrupted the enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Some Changes in the Labels of the Famous Archaeological Collection.

When the lights had been turned up strong, and Elder Toots had coughed a peanut shuck out of his throat, Brother Gardner arose and said:

"I find heap on my desk a heap of mottoes, watchwords and maxims which hev bin gathered together by de committee on judiciary wid a view of replacin' de stock now hangin' on de walls. I has bin keefuller considerin' de matter in my mind fur a week pas', an' I doan' like de idea of a change. De pusson who can't stick to one motto fur mo' dan six months can't be depended on to stick by a job fur mo' dan one."

"If I was out o' cash, friendless, laid up in a garret wid a sore heel an' a carbuncle, an' spectin' every day to be toted off to de poo' house, I doan' know but I might furnish de world wid some watchwords an' sayin's, but it would hev to be under some sich circumstances. About a month ago I began tradin' wid a butcher who had hung up in his shop de motto, 'Live and Let Live.' It struck me dat de ideal was a good one. He wanted his dues, an' he would grant de same to odders. In about a week he slipped a plugged quarter into my change; two days later my two pounds of beef was short three ounces; de nex' week he charged me up wid forty-eight cents' wort of pork which I nebbber had. I doan' trade dere any mo', an' my respect fur his motto has dropped fifteen pegs."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to once."

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind' em, who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above' em, who can't be good husbands and fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexion to